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# THE HALIFAX Monthly Magazine.

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[For the Halifax Monthly Magazine.]

## PUBLICATIONS IN NOVA-SCOTIA.

*The Witch of the Westcot, and other Poems, by Andrew Shiels.—*  
*Epitome of the Laws, by Beamish Murdoch, Esq.—History of*  
*part of New Brunswick, by Mr. Cooney.—Baptist and Metho-*  
*dist quarterly Magazines.*

THE Works above enumerated have been issued from the Halifax Press, within the last few months. We rather unwillingly undertake a brief review of them here, as may be considered our duty to do; premising that our wish is to give an unbiassed unprejudiced opinion of each, resolved not to flatter, and hoping to avoid cause of offence.

Before we commence our task, we would congratulate the Country, on the increasing activity, and improving execution, of its Metropolitan Press. It is a sure sign that intellect and general prosperity are on the advance. In a dearth of either, other things beside the preparation and encouragement of literary works are attended to.

The poetical volumes of Nova-Scotia—as may be expected—would occupy but a narrow shelf in the library. *The Rising Village, The Accepted Sigh, and The Witch of the Westcot.* We know of no others. Fugitive poetry has appeared in considerable quantities in periodicals, and interspersed with other matter, but we speak now of volumes, small or large, professedly devoted to Poetry. Some persons may think this paucity of little consequence; but we may rest assured, that where the better feelings of our nature are found, in connection with imagination and intellect above mediocrity, there Poetry will not be wanting.

Poetry is but the harmonious arrangement of strong and beautiful thoughts; which being impressed on the mind by a contemplation of interesting objects, it feels impelled to relate to others, either in spoken or written language.

Shiels' Poems make an octavo volume of 213 pages, of which,

the principal one, the *Witch of the Westcot*, occupies 113, and is divided into three Cantos.

The fable, or story of this poem, is rather meagre and improbable. It is as follows.

On the eastern shore of Chebucto bay, an old lady lived, in a Cottage surrounded by stunted trees. She is reputed a witch by her neighbours, chiefly on account of her retired habits, and superior manners. Ellen Grhame, a resident near Dartmouth, and the heroine of the poem, hears this report; and having a little love affair pressing on her mind, resolves to consult the Witch respecting her future prospects. An interview is obtained, and although the old lady protests against being thought a *Wit-h*, in very plain language, Ellen appears to pay no attention to her protestations, but urges a trial of her skill. At length, unaccountably, the insulted old woman favours the deception, and gives her visitor two presents of mysterious signification; taking from her a broach, as a pledge, that she will visit her again on the following New Year's Eve.

The tokens received by Ellen, are, a slip from a monthly rose, which is to be planted and watched with care, and a bible, which is to be read daily while the rose plant continues growing. The departure of Ellen towards home, concludes the first Canto.

Ellen is represented as having been, previous to this time, a mere "Tom-boy." We are told that she played top and bowl with the boys, mingled in the mimic wars of the captive sailors, could scull a flat, range the forest with her dog and carbine, and was an excellent marks-woman, and knew how to sponge or spike a great gun. These extraordinary, and not very lady-like accomplishments, were neglected, when love, and the visit to the Witch, gave softer occupations to her mind. Ellen's Mother noticed the change, and became anxious to ascertain its cause.

Ellen goes to a juvenile party on Christmas evening, and her rose, being neglected, dies. Next morning while sitting reproaching herself, and poring over the meaning of the old woman's presents, her mother discovers her agitation, and requests to be informed what presses on her mind. Ellen parries this request, by saying, that her Mother was not communicative with her, and that her Father's fate was still a secret, although she often wished to be informed on the subject.

Mrs. Grhame proceeds to remove this objection, by commencing a narrative of her life. The good lady describes the loss of her own father, and her Marriage; the departure of her husband on a warlike mission, and her capture by the Indians during his absence. She further relates, that after her return from captivity,

all endeavours to find any traces of her husband or her Mother were vain; and that now every hope of their recovery was gone, and that Ellen Scott, her own maiden name, was lost in the appellation, widow Grhame. This recital introduces a discovery, by means of the Witch's Bible, that that old lady is Ellen's Grandmother, one of the personages so long sought for. This great step in the drama closes the second Canto.

The treasure pursued, when found, seemed to lose its importance, for we find that up to New Year's Eve, no visit had been paid Dame Scott by her newly discovered relatives. Ellen, most unnecessarily, seems also to relapse into a belief of the old woman's witchery.

We are now introduced to a merry meeting of village tradesmen and politicians, held at Dartmouth; which is suddenly disturbed by an attack of the Indians on the settlement. The Savages rout the inhabitants, and on next morning, appear collected with their captives on the shore of the bay. Among these are Ellen, her Mother and Grandmother. As deeds of cruelty are about to be committed, a ship appears in sight, with Indian emblems of peace displayed at the mast head. A boat puts off, and some English officers soon leap ashore, and interfere to prevent further hostilities. These officers are discovered to be, Ellen's Father and her Lover; recognition and consequent rejoicing, result, marriage in good time ensues, and so the tale ends.

We will not enumerate the many points which appear to us improbable, and badly wrought in this story; such as Ellen offering all her little treasure, love-tokens miniatures and all, to the Witch, as a reward for telling her fortune; and the Old Lady giving the most precious memorial of a lost daughter, to a young unknown Romp. This same Romp talking occasionally like a philosopher, and still being kept ignorant up to womanhood, of her mother's maiden name. The improbability of Mrs. Grhame telling a long story on a Nova-Scotian 26th of January, in her daughter's bedchamber before breakfast, and, as it would seem, without the comfortable appendage of artificial fire—even in this latter part of our present backward May, such an attempt would be anything but desirable. Neither will we dwell on such incongruities, as the personifying of Rumour and Slander, and then treating these abstract substantives as two real old women, behind whose sleigh Ellen jumps up, and whose gossiping she clandestinely and most indecorously listens to. These more subtle objections, might require some discussion before being finally settled; so we will merely point out a few minor inaccuracies, which cannot be gainsayed; which Mr. Shiels' good

sense and taste might have easily avoided, and which savour of carelessness, not becoming in a work prepared for the public eye.

And in opening the book to commence this brief review, we are led to notice, several appearances of affectation in the dedication and preface, which were not expected, from the manly writer whose work lies before us. We merely give one instance: the author pretends—because he is a poet—that he is too poor to “wear a seal,” and that he has acquired some acquaintance with the *Muse*, despite

“The luckless star that rules his lot,  
And skrimps his fortune to the goad.”

If these allusions were intended as repetitions of the worn-out sneers at the lovers of poesy, Mr. Shiels' reading might have reminded him, how inappropriate they are, in the days when Byron, Scott, Southey, Moore and others, have found the *Muse* an heiress of large and golden possessions. If they were intended to be taken literally, he should recollect, that the ample farm of Ellenvale, which he has well won by hard-handed industry, can not be so easily winked out of sight. Want of simplicity and sincerity, in those parts of a work, does not introduce an author to his reader in the most pleasing manner. Does he not also expose himself to the very charges which he makes against others, when he intimates that vanity, detraction, and slander, are standard features of a whole community?

But to proceed. If we were to take the worst parts of the *Witch of the Westcot*, and at the same time forget that Shiels ever had previously produced smooth and spirited stanzas, we should feel constrained to set the book aside as unworthy animadversion or remark of any kind; but this would be an unfair mode, and we merely suppose the case, to express our opinion of the defective parts taken together.

Examples of ungraceful and very false rhyming are of continual occurrence in this little work, such as—scene, vain—sorry, story, —odd, road—oar, tour—reason, collision—creatures, matters—man, one—home, come—such, witch—chair, fire—awanting, enchanting—word, devoured—gone, zone—note, spot—you, ago—sought, goat—you, now—Scott, wrote—tower, shore—no, too.—These are a few, of many similar defects which might be selected from the first Canto, and the second and third seem equally as fruitful. This is at least unseemly, in the production of a man, who has had considerable experience in literary melody; and who must know, that whatever is pretended to, and attempted, should be done in its best style, if the artificer would not be thought either incapable or slovenly.

But it may be said, these are mere verbal defects, and may be passed by, if vigorous and eloquent thoughts are contained in the couplets. Let us then select a few passages which are slip slop in every sense of the word, to bear out our former assertion; and to prove to "Albyn," that his name—which is associated with many sweet verses—will not redeem vulgar and tawdry ones, and should not be attached to such. It may also help to account for any seeming inattention to the work, and excite the author to a future effort, which shall be more worthy of his signature.

Of Ellen and her lover it is said:

"But thrice the moon had measured o'er  
The circuit of her endless tour,  
Since in a frigate he had gone,  
With tales of war to Europe's zone,  
And Ellen's heart o'er ocean's brim,  
In pilgrims guise had follow'd him;  
But not as such it wander'd back—  
Like Noah's Dove, it found no track,  
And sought again the ark with grief,  
That love could find no olive leaf."

Here we do not understand what is meant by *Europe's zone*; neither can we comprehend how a young lady's heart could travel across the Atlantic in the wake of a vessel, with Mother Cary's chickens, *disguised as a pilgrim*; and return *like a dove*, to an unknown ark.

As Ellen approached the Witch's cot, various passions arose to make her pause;

"And tho' she ween'd no eye might note  
Her steps to this bewilder'd spot,  
Yet startled back to veil her blush,  
More deeply in the tangled brush,  
Whilst holy incense from her eyes  
Blent with that morning's sacrifice."

A maiden hiding her blushes in tangled brush is not a happy thought; and "holy incense," coming from the *eyes* of a witch-seeking romper, is not a very likely circumstance. But as our heroine leans against a hemlock tree, dubious as to her future course—

"A mountain goat, of spotless white,  
Sprang from the coppice on her sight,  
And deftly sporting thro' the wood,  
Came where the musing maiden stood.  
Gazing, as if inquiring why,  
Or what she tarried there to spy,  
Then butting thrice against the tree,  
Abridged her pensive reverie."

The abridgement, or epitome in the last couplet is most humourously made.

“Fain would the timid centinel  
Stol'n homeward thro' the dusky dell,  
And felt her heart more freely beat,  
Lest found alone in such retreat;  
Stretching her hands to shed the limbs  
Where linnets sat and sang their hymns,  
When 'Heav'n protect you, angel dear,'  
Fell, like an earthquake, on her ear.”

The *centinel stol'n* homeward, the girl *shedding* limbs of a hemlock tree where linnets *sat*, and the “Heaven protect you” *falling like an earthquake*—of the above paragraph need no comment.

Without copying, what we imagine never should have appeared, we merely allude to some exceedingly coarse and tasteless lines at the foot of page 12, and to a poor pun on the goat's name, at the expense of a christian sentiment, which occurs on page 32.

As Ellen returns from her interview, she pauses to examine the tokens of the old lady, and lets the book fall in horror, when she feels convinced that its late owner is a Witch; although in the full belief that she was, and to obtain the exercise of her art as such, she had just visited her. Recollecting however, that an unholy spell cannot be formed from the Sacred Scriptures, she “stooped down to lift it up again,” when

“The goat behind now made a push,  
And pitch'd her headlong in a bush,  
Then started back, as if to see  
The frightened maiden's furze *melee*;  
Escape was twice essayed in vain,  
Grace once victorious charged again;  
Whilst Ellen lay, the minion stood  
Still as corpse wrapt in a shroud,  
But when she moved a limb to rise,  
It was a signal for surprise;”

The delicacy and poetry of this little passage require no seeking. What an impressive similie is applied to the goat; how “very like a whale”—“still as corpse wrapt in a shroud.” Very few would light on this, as appropriate to an old fool of a gray goat, who was resolved on merriment at the expense of all politeness and decorum. Ellen lies, fearful of the goat's attacks, and,

“As she cast her eye  
Around on ocean, earth, and sky,  
The earth was blank—the ocean blue,  
The sky was beautiful to view—  
But help or hope she gathered none,  
From all the far surrounding zone,

'Then grasp'd her Bible, and call'd 'Grace,'  
When it stood bleating in her face.'

This is quite theatric, and reminds of the Combat in the Lady of the Lake, where the warriors look, as if for the last time, on the elements around them. The Romp, we find, gathered no help against the goat, from the surrounding zone—what zone?—and at length pacifies the bearded fool by calling his name. This is a further proof of the witchery of his mistress.

“ ‘ But this Book might exorcise Hell;  
‘ Much more the Witch of the Westcot,  
She said—and dashed it at the goat.’ ”

This occasion a mutual retreat, and Ellen again ejaculates—

“ ‘ She is a witch, and yet she's not,  
‘ But I'm suspicious of her goat,  
‘ Still if she is, or both should be  
‘ Leagued with infernal majesty,  
‘ This book is mine until the rose  
‘ Has faded—La! indeed she knows,  
‘ She made me promise, and I did,  
‘ Here's where the mystery is hid; ’ ”

There may be rhyme, or even poetry in those lines, without our knowing it; it certainly required no great penetration of Ellen to be “ suspicious of the goat,” after it had butted twice against a tree to abridge her pensive reverie, and had pursued her through the wood with malicious intent, and then committed an actual assault—“ made a push, and pitched her headlong in a bush;” but it is hard to conceive why she should think him in league with his satanic majesty. His proceedings are natural enough in a goat, although oddly introduced and combined in the Poem.

This brings us to the conclusion of the first Canto, and we intended not to make any ungracious selections except from it. We will only depart from this resolution, by giving a few lines from Canto the third, which might be thought applicable to our present task.

“ The muffled dull December sun  
Came slowly up the horizon;  
A thick unconquerable cloud  
Shared with him in his empire proud.  
Could it but dim a rival's sphere,  
It vainly might essay to peer;  
So critics rise on dusty wing,  
To shade the zone where poets sing,  
And what they want in common sense,  
Is oft supplied by impudence.”



The first couplet of this, as it seems to us, is not rhyme; the second is not reason; the third is incomprehensible; the fourth is in a zone unknown to geography, of which zones the book is very rife; the fifth in many cases is according to truth, but we trust not in the present.

By these selections, made from about one fifth part of the book, and which are surrounded by similar passages, we may see what kind of composition the "Witch" consists of. Certainly it required no poetic Wizard, to call such a spirit from the vasty deep; and it would destroy the reputation of one for ever, to acknowledge such an effort, if his reputation rested not on some other grounds; and if his abortion was not considered as the result of some luckless aberration from his wonted power and spirit.

We proceed now to a more pleasing duty, and taking a wider range, will select a few of the better passages from the same poem. At the opening of the book, in an address to the Muse, the following pretty and poetic lines occur.

" I come to glean, in vesper hours,  
 Amongst thy long neglected flow'rs;  
 Who knows but still, where bards have been,  
 Some slips, unculled, are waving green;  
 Who knows, but, ev'n in frozen vales,  
 Some leaves, unwither'd, brave the gales;  
 And tho' but one—O! let it be  
 Glen-malcom's flower, supplied from thee.  
 Tho' counted small beside the boughs  
 That rustle round more classic brows,  
 Still friendship, love, and even fame,  
 On such a symbol holds a claim,  
 And prodigal enough of joy  
 And jewels, for a truant boy."

If the 113 pages devoted to the Witch of the Westco., were filled with lines like these, how pleasing would be the work, and how honourable to the poet, and the Province which produced it. The following description is also good, although not faultless.

" She knew not Love is like the oak,  
 That grows amidst the tempest shock—  
 A seed, a plant, a sapling slim,  
 Of feeble root and feebler limb,  
 Ere giant bough and kingly form  
 Exult above the wrathful storm;  
 And tho' there be no earthly eye  
 To mark that thing of treachery,  
 Still there is many a talisman  
 To note its least and largest span."

The growth of evil desires is thus happily described—"To reason they ascending cling,"

"Like ivy planted near a tower—  
By that it climbs and gathers power.  
And tho' sometimes the drooping head  
Hangs as it would no further spread,  
Still as a vampire, round that pile  
'Tis grasping surer hold the while;  
Nor is it staid till shades of green  
Are on the highest turret seen."

In the long and rather dull story of Ellen's mother, the following lines, in our author's better vein occur; they are descriptive of Mrs. Grhame's return from captivity, conducted by an Indian.

"I see him now as if still by,  
The lion limb—the eagle eye,  
I see the foam we fiercely cleft,  
And boiling waves behind us left;  
I hear the troubled waters hiss  
And spurn the paddle's brutal kiss;  
I see it shrink as we come on,  
And tremble after we are gone;  
I see the distant forest rise  
Like tempest clouds along the skies;  
And tho' we spea with vengeful speed  
I thought our passage slow indeed."

In the third Canto the retreat of the savages with their captives, after the attack on Dartmouth, is thus depicted.

"Away, away, the motley group,  
More forward to the frequent whoop;  
O'er tangled helm, o'er braided hill,  
O'er bubbling brook and lakelet still,  
O'er cove, and creek, as they pass'd on,  
The light from far around them shone;  
And ne'er before, in glen or vale,  
Has New year's eve heard such a wail;  
And never with such shout and din  
Was New year's morning welcomed in;  
Whilst bank and beach repeated o'er  
The wake that peal'd upon the shore;  
And fowls and cattle chorus made,  
Meet for such serflike serenade."

At the conclusion, the meeting of Ellen's relatives is thus prettily alluded to.

"But who can conjure up the scene,  
When friends, long parted, meet again;  
What muse the boundless vision bind,  
Where verse might never limit find;  
Genius of song it is not mine,  
To make these happy moments thine;  
It is not mine to hold the true  
And living images in view;

Yet fancy there can spread her wing,  
And some faint semblance from it bring.

We have now ran very hastily through this longest of Mr. Shiels' compositions, and would remark again, that we consider it detracts from his former poetic character. Its defects we imagine, have arisen rather from a kind of confident recklessness, than want of ability to produce a long and respectable poem. It has evidently been penned in a sort of Don Juanizing spirit, as if the writer's fame and power were so established, that no worthless couplet *could* flow from his pen; forgetful, that it requires first rate talent to commit sins against rhyme and reason, in a clever and readable manner; and that the greatest geniuses have found patient toil and extreme care necessary, for the production of any valuable work.

We would be glad to see a collection of the Author's smaller poems, many of which are very pleasing; in this the *Witch* might be thrown overboard altogether, or re-written, its present best parts being alone retained.

Of the minor pieces in this Volume we have not time or space to say much more, than, that they partake of the faults, and of the excellencies—in a greater degree—of the chief poem.

The *Legend of Loon* is as full of, what we consider, defects, as a Christmas Cake is of plumbs. The *Truant and Foamwreath* is decidedly better, but like an "endless passage which leads to nothing." The *Ploughman* smooth, spirited and characteristic.

“ His fields supply what ploughmen want,  
His Cottage is a Courtly haunt,  
Where love may dwell—his lattice scant,  
The swallow makes her home on;  
O, happiness I've sought thee long,  
I've woo'd thee oft in many a song,  
Indulge a vagrant guest among,  
Your proselytes the ploughmen.”

The *Cot and the Yardie*, seems well worth all else in the Volume, we would gladly copy it entire did our space admit, but cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of inserting a few stanzas.

“ One sweet summer's eve whilst I played on my reed,  
Dame Fortune, the Muses, and Cupid were roaming:  
They chanced for to stray down the green banks of Tweed,  
And listen'd awhile to my lays in the gloaming.—  
Then they bade me to ask, and they'd grant me a boon,  
For they said 'gentle shepherd 'tis ours to reward ye.'  
Enraptur'd I heard of their goodness, and soon  
I craved of the Muses to make me a Bardie.

“ 'From hence be a Bard,' was the muses' reply,  
I bow'd—and requested the flow'ret of Cupid—  
The gift was so small that he could not deny,  
But marvel'd that mortals were always so stupid.

Dame Fortune was last, and I thought to be sure  
 The goddess would doubtless some trifle award me—  
 And I hinted to her, (for she knew I was poor,)  
 Just to give me a cot and a little wee yardie.

“ Alas! for her favours are fickle and vain  
 As the sunbeams that shoot through the dark cloud in summer,  
 For she promis'd the boon, but forgot to say when,  
 And I never could catch her again in the humour.  
 But I've pray'd to the muses again and again,  
 To plead with the goddess to favour the bardie,  
 And bequeath me a spot in some dear Scottish glen—  
 And a rig of her moorland to be a bit yardie.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ In my dear native vullies there lives a rose tree,  
 The toils of my youth often made for to flourish—  
 Though hard be the task 'twere delightful to me,  
 With the tears of affliction that rose-tree to nourish.  
 Among the green bracken I'd raise a bit bow'r,  
 Would shade the lone rose-tree, the flow'r and the bardie:  
 And a wee little spot of some rich body's moor,  
 Would never be missed for to be a kail yardie.

“ But why should my mem'ry still cherish the thought;  
 Shall the bard ever wander again by the fountain—  
 Shall the harp of my youth ever hail the dear cot;  
 And the yardie that lies on the verge of the mountain.  
 Ah never! companions of feeling farewell—  
 May the powers of the sky in their goodness reward ye,  
 Be wise, and be happy, contented to dwell,  
 Unknowing, unknown in your cottage and yardie.

This simple flowing style, redolent only of pathetic and virtuous recollections, seems Andrew Shiels' forte; had he always cultivated it to similar advantage, he would have little to envy in the wreath of Scotia's self-taught Bards. The *Flower of Friendship* is little worth. The *Coxcomb and Countryman*, is a laboured attempt to be humorous; Shiels should stick to the brogue of Sawney, when he mimicks Paddy he makes poor work of it. *To a Scottish Thistle*, has good lines; as has the stanzas which follow it. *Friendship* is rather flat. *St. Patrick's Day*, *The Anthem of Albyn*, and *The Pier of Leith*, have each, in our opinion, the impress of our Author's better moments.

We have now arrived at the Notes of the Volume, and having been much more prolix than we intended on commencing those remarks, will not pursue the subject any farther at this time. Shiels owes it to his fame, to produce a better concocted, and better sustained Volume, than this, at some future opportunity; and the effort would not occasion him an extraordinary sacrifice of time or trouble.

[Publications in Nova Scotia to be continued.]

## SONG.

[For the Halifax Monthly Magazine.]

ARISE my love, my fair one,  
 Arise and come away;  
 The rain and storms are over,  
 The earth again is gay.

The flowers beside our walk love  
 Again in fragrance float;  
 The song of birds is sweet love,  
 And soft the turtle's note.

The trees again are green love,  
 And clusters deck the vine;  
 What could fairer make the scene love,  
 Save those bright eyes of thine?

Save thy little hand in mine love,  
 As o'er yon hills we stray,  
 Where the sun's first beams rec'ne love,  
 Then arise, and come away.

HALIFAX, MAY, 1832.

M—Y.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JAMES HOGG,

## THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

JAMES HOGG, one of the most extraordinary individuals that has appeared in the literary world, was born on the 26th of January, 1771, in a wild pastoral region called Ettrick Forest, in the South of Scotland;—a region uneven, rugged, and romantic,—occasionally beautiful,—always imposing, and often untameable in aspect as the spirit of its early inhabitants. In this district, the father of our poet having been overtaken by unmerited misfortune, rented a very small farm; and its remote situation, with its humble circumstances, prevented him from being able to bestow any other education upon his children than such as himself or his excellent wife were enabled in the evenings to give. What, however, the good man wanted in wealth and literature was added to him in piety; and morning and night he endeavoured to impart it to his family, as they knelt together before the God of their fathers, in their clay-built temple among the mountains. While yet a rosy-headed urchin, our young poet was sent into the bosom of the silent mountains to watch a few cattle. There, buried in the poetry of haunt-

ed hills, away from human eyes and from human sounds—while the lark poured down its tide of song amidst the pure sunshine around him, and the voices of the streams as they sang through the valleys arose upon his ear, like the hymn of the invisible spirits he believed to be hovering through the glens—poetry became a portion of his nature and his soul; and long before he had penned a single line, it gushed from his full breast, in thoughts too deep for words; for the sublime or romantic poetry of nature, in its awful or living silence, steals out the young soul with magnetic influence in sympathetic rapture. He who is born in the midst of such scenes and *is not* a poet, must *resist* being one.

The little he ever knew, if he ever knew aught of penmanship, he had in a great measure forgotten, and at twenty years of age he was scarcely able to write his own name. Previous to this he had composed many songs and ballads, which, as is generally the case, obtained him but little respect among the neighbouring peasantry; and although two of his employers, named Laidlaw, had an almost paternal care over him, yet the multitude of wise men of the forest, like the mass of mankind, cared but little for having a dreaming, listless maker of rhymes in their employment. Sober-minded people, forty or fifty years ago, particularly in Scotland, looked upon rhyming as something that lay about midway between *idleness* and *sin*; and sober-minded people now look upon it much in the same light, with the exception that they substitute *folly* instead of *sin*. So much for the march of liberality. Conscious, however, of the power which was possessed by the ardent and despised spirit within him, the Shepherd took his sheep and his manuscripts into Edinburgh together; and his untutored efforts, with all their imperfections upon their head, and those of the printer and the printer's devil added thereto, were printed at his own expense. The germs of the genius so generally confessed were there visible,—but no man read, bought, or spoke of them; and all that the poet gained by the publication, (if publication it could be called,) was having the honour of being made like unto many of his brethren—pennyless by the experiment. He returned to the forest with his books, without fame and without money, to encounter the laugh and the jibe of the ignorant, and the reproof of the worldly.

The neglected strains of the Shepherd, however, fell upon the heart of a kindred spirit; and charmed by the sweet voice in the wilderness, the “Border Minstrel” visited the “Mountain Bard” in his mother's humble cottage. It was chiefly through this acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott, who amongst firm friends ranks with the firmest, that his next production, and his work on sheep, met

with a degree of success which completely overthrew the philosophy of their author. Having obtained by their publication three hundred pounds, the Shepherd was like a bird escaped from its cage, trembling and ecstatic with the novelty of liberty, and proud of the new-found use of its wings, striking upon every thing, but resting upon nothing, and continuing its tumultuous flight, till it falls upon the earth, with panting breast and broken pinions. The ducal lord of the hundred hills amidst which he was a dweller, was not a more wealthy man than James Hogg with his three hundred pounds. The very valleys where he had lately wandered a dreaming herdsman, were conscious of his elastic tread. Sirrah—his faithful colley—saw there was a change on his master, Sirrah was sorry to observe the change,—for dogs are wise, wonderful creatures, and Sirrah was among the wisest and most wonderful. The three hundred pounds appeared inexhaustible as the treasures of the King of Lydia. The possessor was overjoyed, enraptured,—he knew not whether he carried the earth, or the earth carried him. Nor is it a matter of wonder, that on one who had never possessed three hundred pence, the sudden and unexpected possession of such a sum should produce such feelings:—they did not argue so much against his judgment, as they proved the genuine simplicity of his character. In the glorying and fullness of his heart, he took two extensive farms, to stock and uphold which would require a capital of more thousands than he had hundreds. And in a short time, his all being expended thereon, the inexhaustible sum was swallowed up like a snow flake falling on the bosom of the river—the farms passed from his hands, and the profits of his publication vanished

“ Like the baseless fabric of a vision,”

and—left a wreck behind! leaving him once more a penniless man.

After battling through a season of buffetings, disappointments, and misery, tying up his worldly substance in a bundle, and throwing his plaid across his shoulders with no friend but his staff in his hands, he

“ Despised the shepherd’s slothful life,”

and bidding farewell to his native hills, the uneducated son of genius set out upon his pedestrian journey to become a literary adventurer in the Modern Athens. There he projected the bold and almost ridiculous design of an unlettered, self-taught shepherd forsaking the solitude of the wilderness, and becoming editor of a literary periodical in the metropolis of his native country.—Wild as the project appeared, it was carried into execution, and for se-

veral months was as successful as any former publication of its class. After the failure of this publication, Mr. Hogg was seized with a long and severe illness; and his best and warmest friend at this period (if I remember his name aright) was a gentleman called Grieves, a hat-manufacturer on the North Bridge; and the testimony which the honest Shepherd bears to the kindness and brotherly affection of Sir Walter Scott even at this time, when he, resenting an imaginary insult, spurned them with disdain, do as much honour to the worthy baronet's heart as his splendid novels do to his head. Through a sea of troubles, the Shepherd still steered onward in his literary career, until the publication of his master-work, the *Queen's Wake*—a poem which purchased for him a laurel torn by the strength of nature from the tree of enduring fame. He was, however most cruelly deprived of the profits arising from the publication by a mercenary publisher.

He was now universally regarded as a sort of literary prodigy or a living illustration of the spiritually visible power of the mysterious quality which we call Genius. His fame having arrested the attention of the late Duke of Buccleugh, that nobleman presented him with a small farm near St. Mary's Loch; and upon such terms to him and his heirs, that it may be considered the Shepherd's own property. It is situated in the very centre of retirement, in the midst of a valley somewhat of a triangular form, through which runs the Yarrow. Nearly opposite what may be termed a mountain pass, which runs for about seven miles in an almost direct line between the Yarrow and the Tweed, a bridge is thrown over the former river, dividing the valley into nearly equal parts; which appear on each side about a mile in length. Here there is nothing striking in the character of the scenery. The surrounding hills, which are of no great height, possess no imposing features, and present only the bare green bosom of a pastoral district. Three farm steadings, a cottage, an humble school-house, and an ancient ruin, are all that the eye meets with as being, or having been habitations of man. Around the farm-house farthest down the glen, are some half dozen solitary looking trees; the other, which is of an humbler description, and jutting over a gentle hill, overlooks the Yarrow, is Mount Benger.—The cottage is a very small and very clean public-house, kept by the wayside for the accommodation of the occasional traveller. It is hereabout that his neighbours begin to style the shepherd, Mr. Hogg, and speak of him only as a gentleman whom they respect and love. Farther distant from his residence and for twenty miles round in every direction, I have found his appellation invariably is Hogg the poet;



beyond this, and he receives his more universal titles, the *Eltrick Shepherd*.—The third farm house, which lies about a mile above the bridge, is Altrive, the present residence of the poet, and built at his own expense. It is erected on a gentle rising ground, with the Yarrow behind, and a considerable rivulet immediately in front. It is a comfortable little white-washed cottage, from the door of which a rustic bridge is thrown over the rivulet: and although only a single story in height, from its situation, its white walls peer over the aldergrove with which it is surrounded as though it towered to a prouder eminence. It is a square, neat, commodious building, such as a poet's fancy might have framed in a dream of contentment. So far as I could judge, the farm may contain about twenty-five or thirty acres, the landscape around is destitute of the bold, the romantic, or the varied, but it possesses a character of quiet secluded beauty, which once seen, lives in the memory in a perfect form.

At a ruinous rent he took the adjoining stock-farm of Mount Benger, and held it for several years, but which in the spring of 1830, involved him in unpleasant and painful difficulties.

The Shepherd has also the merit of being the original projector of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and is a prominent member of the clever coterie who have shone among its contributors.

In stature he is about five feet six. His person is round, stout, and fleshy with a slight inclination towards corpulency, His usual dress is a grey, or rather what is termed a pepper-and salt-coloured coat, composed of cotton and woollen, and made wide and flowing, after the manner of a sportsman's, but longer than such are generally worn; with trowsers of the same, and yellow vest, or, upon a gala-day, the grey trowsers are changed for nankeen. His face is ruddy, healthy, good-natured, and stamped with unassuming modesty and simplicity. Yet, in his honest features, and simple manners, he is blind as a gravestone who cannot perceive the presence of the silent and unpretending but proud consciousness—"I am the author of the *Queen's Wake*,

" the chief  
" *Mang Scotia's* glorious peasantry!"

His eyes are of a blueish gray, laughing and lively. His brow, broad, open and untouched by age, is still smooth; his hair is of a yellowish hue; he is active, strong built, and athletic, and appears not less than ten years younger than he is in reality. As a poet, he stands among the foremost; and perhaps no writer ever exhibited more of what can only be described as natural genius. His muse is not of a kind that can grasp the universe, and overwhelm

us with its power; but it plays round and round the soul, ever and anon touching it with feelings of pastoral beauty, truth, and tenderness. In his prose works he has been less successful; but his genius wanders through them like a fitful will-o'-the-wisp; and if it sometimes leaves them dull and dark, it often illumines them with flashes of brightness. He is an indifferent farmer—a tolerable astronomer—as good an angler as a poet—an archer anxious to excel, *but wide of the mark*—a poor manager of the things of this world—an amiable man—a warm friend—an affectionate husband—a fond father—too good a master; he is beloved by his neighbours, honoured by his country, and admired of all observers; he is an humble Christian; and a man who, if he has one, does not deserve an enemy.

Next to poetry, his highest amusement is the Border games—angling, wrestling, leaping, putting the bullet, throwing the hammer, curling, and archery; and at the meeting of the St. Ronan's Club, the Shepherd may generally be seen with his plaid girt around him, and a memorandum book in his hand, acting not only as clerk, but as the presiding and inspiring spirit of these Scotch Olympics. As anglers, the Borderers have no superiors; in wrestling they exhibit as much muscular strength, as the Devonshire or Cornish wrestler, and infinitely more manly humanity, but scarcely a particle of his science. In leaping, throwing the hammer and bullet, they yield to no similar society; while in archery they are certainly some centuries before any other, for in this art we are rather going from than approaching it.

There are points of resemblance between James Hogg and the Ettrick Shepherd in the "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*." The form of expression is frequently his, but there the likeness ceases. The latter is an ideal creation of the highly gifted professor Wilson, who is one of the few who love Poesy for the sake of poesy—for the beauty of her countenance and the nobility of her soul. Such use of his name has been a subject of uneasiness to Mr. Hogg and of complaint in his family. The using of it was possibly like an affair of gallantry, begun in thoughtlessness, but which has been carried so far, and continued so long, that the connexion cannot be broken. The inspired Shepherd is still in comfortable circumstances, but with the exertion of unwearied literary industry. They who can judge of him aright must see him, as I have seen him, imploring the blessing of Heaven upon his hospitable board; or with his family class around him—holding an infant school in the wilderness!—setting an example to all parents—with his son by his side, one young daughter between his knees, and the third clinging round his neck; while

“ The mother wi’ her needle an’ her shears  
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel’s the new,”

and pauses at intervals to gaze with a smile of pride and delight upon the scene, as they strive who shall repeat to him most perfectly their Sabbath School tasks, and obtain during the week the reward of their preparation, in the fond caress and proud kiss of the father who bends over them in love. Tell us not to reverence the author, were he as sublime as Milton and as powerful as Byron—if his wife speak timidly in his presence or startle at his voice, or his children crouch at his glance like a hound that knows the whip of his master—if we cannot reverence the husband, the father, and the man; for these are the poetry of his hearth, the poetry of domestic life, the poetry of his heart and his home! Can the man be a poet where poetry flees from his fireside at his approach? If we admire the poetry of “the Queen’s Wake,” or of “Kilmeny,” we behold that poetry in *quotion*—we perceive its “local habitation and its name,” in the little parlour of Altrive Lake.

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THE following beautiful verses—beautiful from their unaffected simplicity, and their deep pathos—are copied from the *Englishman’s Magazine*,—and the being who can peruse them without emotion, must be made of sterner stuff than generally entered into the composition of humanity.

### MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

MY heid is like to rend, Willie,  
My heart is like to break;  
I’m wearin’ aff my feet, Willie,  
I’m dyin’ for your sake.  
O lay your cheek to mine, Willie,  
Your han’ on my briest-banc,—  
O say ye’ll think on me, Willie,  
When I am deid and gane!

It’s vain to comfort me, Willie,  
Sair grief maun ha’e its will—  
But let me rest upon your breist,  
To sab and greet my fill.  
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,  
Let me shed by your hair,  
An’ look into the face, Willie,  
I never shall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,  
For the last time in my life:  
A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,  
That ne'er can be your wife.  
Ay, press your han' upon my heart,  
And press it mair and mair;  
Or it will burst the silken twine  
Sae strang is its despair!

Oh! wae's me for the hour, Willie,  
When we thegither met;  
Oh! wae's me for the time, Willie,  
'That our first tryst was set!  
Oh! wae's me for the loanin' green  
Where we were used to gae;  
An' wae's me for the destinie,  
That gart me love thee sae!

Oh! dinna min' my words, Willie,  
I downa seek to blame:  
But oh! its hard to live, Willie,  
An' die a warld's shame!  
He' tears are hailin' ower your check,  
An' hailin' ower your chin;  
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,  
For sorrow, an' for sin?

I'm weary o' this warld Willie,  
An' sick wi' all I see;  
I canna live as I ha'e lived,  
Or be as I should be.  
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,  
The heart that still is thine;  
An' kiss ance mair the white, white cheek  
Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' goes thro' my heid, Willie,  
A sair stoun' thro' my heart;  
Oh! haud me up and let me kiss  
Thy brow ere we twa' part.  
Anither, an' anither yet!  
How fast my life-strings break!  
Fareweel! fareweel! thro' yon kirk-yaird,  
Step lightly for my sake!

The la' rock in the lift, Willie,  
Ther' lichts far ower our heid—  
Will sing the morn as merrilie  
Abune the clay-cauld deid;  
An' this green turf we're sittin' on,  
Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,  
Will hap her close who did thee wrang,  
As warld has seldom seen.

But oh! remember me, Willie,  
 On lan' where'er ye be;  
 An' oh! think on the leal, leal heart,  
 That ne'er loved ane but thee!  
 An' oh! think on the cauld, cauld mools  
 That file my yellow hair;  
 That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,  
 Ye never shall kiss mair!

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### OLD ENGLISH MUSIC.

**THOUGH** music, considered merely as a matter of history, is known to us from the earliest ages, yet our knowledge of its practice, as an art, extends a very short way back. Indeed we hardly know any thing of the music that existed prior to the sixteenth century. During the great efforts that were made for the improvement of music prior to that era, harmony alone was the object of attention, to the utter neglect of melody. The object in view then was the discovery of new combinations and ingenious contrivances for putting together a number of parts to be sung at the same time; but it was never considered necessary that any of these parts should form a graceful or expressive song. In those days melody, of course, existed, as it must have done at all times; but, being despised by the great and learned, it took refuge among the humble and ignorant. Melody in short, then consisted entirely of the national airs which the ploughman "whistled o'er the furrow'd land," or with which the shepherd beguiled the hours on the lonely mountain.

The oldest specimens of melody which seem to be preserved are some of the songs of the Provençal minstrels, or troubadours, among these are the songs of Thibaut, King of Navarre, who lived in the thirteenth century. The chronicles tell us that this prince, having conceived a hopeless passion for Queen Blanche, sought a solace for his pains in the pursuit of music and poetry. A number of these old French melodies are to be found in Laborde's great historical work. They are very curious and some of them approach nearly to the French popular airs of the present time. One or two of them might pass for the vanderilles of a modern French *petite piece*.

No remains of Italian melody have been preserved prior to the sixteenth century. Long before that period the Italians undoubtedly possessed a popular music, having much of that grace and sweetness for which it is now so remarkable. But in Italy, as

elsewhere, those who cultivated music scientifically, bestowed their attention wholly on harmony and the combination of parts, while the popular melodies were used by those who possessed musical feeling, but had not technical skill enough even to write them down. It appears from the writings of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, that music of this popular kind was much used in their time. In Boccaccio's description of the party of ladies and gentlemen, who, during the plague of Florence, retired to a country house to drive away the thoughts of the horrors in which their city and friends were involved, by a life of mirth and jollity, good cheer, and story-telling,—the amusement of each day is finished with singing and dancing, and the songs are generally accompanied on the lute and viol. As all the party were able to sing and play, and as this did not seem to be considered as an accomplishment at all remarkable, it may be supposed that the songs, as well as the accompaniments, were of the simplest cast, but doubtless of the graceful kind which are still so common even among the uncultivated musicians of that land of song.

England had her full share of such music as was current in those distant times. We had our learned ecclesiastics, who cultivated the abstruse study of harmony as successfully as the musicians of the Continent; and we had our popular music, which appears from our old poets, (Chaucer in particular, whose writings are full of allusions to music,) to have been in very general use.

It was not till about the middle of the sixteenth century that the popular airs of different countries began to attract the attention of regular musicians. It then began to be perceived that this kind of music had its beauties; and it soon became the practice of composers to collect these airs, harmonize them, and introduce them in their compositions. The great beauty of the rustic and street tunes of the kingdom of Naples was the cause of their first receiving this distinction; and to use the language of Dr. Burney, these tunes "were as much in fashion all over Europe during the sixteenth century, as Provençal songs were in preceding times, and Venetian ballads have been since." When it thus became the practice to borrow, from the popular strains of different countries, their rhythmical movement and natural flow of melody, and to apply to these the resources of harmony and scientific skill, the progress of music became rapid, and compositions began to appear, which still continue to be heard with pleasure.

The foundation of the English ecclesiastical music (in which this country has always maintained a very high rank) was laid in the sixteenth century. The names of Tye, Tallis, Bird, and Gibbons, will

always be recorded, in musical history, among the fathers of ecclesiastical harmony. The anthems and other choral compositions of these great masters are still performed in our cathedrals, particularly those of Orlando Gibbons. Of him personally little is known, further than that he was appointed organist of the Chapel Royal in 1604, received a Doctor's degree at Oxford in 1622, and died in 1625. His music is very grand and solemn, rich and clear in its harmony, and more flowing in its melody than any other choral music equally ancient.

During this period, too, secular music was much cultivated; and a knowledge of it was considered indispensable to persons of condition. Queen Elizabeth was a performer on the virginals, a keyed instrument which was the precursor of the harpsichord and piano-forte. The following anecdote has been often quoted; but it is sufficiently curious and characteristic to bear repetition; it is found in Sir James Melville's Memoirs which contain an account of his embassy to the English Court from Mary of Scotland. After Elizabeth had asked the ambassador many questions about her beautiful rival, such as, how his Queen dressed—what was the colour of her hair—which of them was the taller, &c.—she enquired what kind of exercise she used. I answered, says Melville, that, when I received my dispatch, the Queen was lately come from the Highland hunting; that, when her more serious affairs permitted, she was taken up with reading of histories; that sometimes she recreated herself with playing on the lute and virginals. She asked if she played well. I said, reasonably for a woman. The same day, after dinner, my Lord of Hunsdon drew me up to a great gallery that I might hear some music, (but he said he durst not avow it,) where I might hear the Queen play upon the virginals. After I had hearkened awhile, I took by the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber, and seeing her back was toward the door I entered within the chamber, and stood a pretty space hearing her play excellently well. But she left off immediately, as soon as she turned about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me and came forward, seeming to strike me with her hand, alleging she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy. She asked me how I came there. I answered, as I was walking with my Lord Hunsdon, as we passed by the chamber-door, I heard such a melody as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how; excusing my fault of homeliness, as being brought up in the court of France, where such freedom was allowed; declaring myself willing to endure what kind of punishment her Majesty should be pleased to inflict upon me for so great

an offence. Then she sat down low upon a cushion, and I on my knees by her; but with her own hand she gave me a cushion to lay under my knee, which at first I refused, but she compelled me to take it. She inquired whether my Queen or she played best. In that I found myself compelled to give her the praise.

Queen Elizabeth must have played much more than "reasonably well for a woman," if she could make use of the celebrated MS. collection of pieces compiled for her, and known by the name of "Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book." It is still preserved, and contains compositions for that instrument, by the principal masters of the time—Tallis, Bird, Bull, &c.; some of which are so difficult that they would puzzle a Cramer or a Moscheles. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the accumulation of difficulties, either in vocal or instrumental music, is a vice peculiar to recent times.

The unhappy Queen of Scots was an accomplished musician. The melancholy story of Chatelard—whose delirium of love, caused by the pleasure which his lovely mistress took in hearing him sing and play on the lute, cost him his life—is well known; and still better known is the tragedy of David Rizzio. The idle notion, by the way, of this Italian lutanist, being the author of the most beautiful of the Scottish melodies, is too absurd to require the serious notice it has frequently met with.

It was in the course of the sixteenth century that the psalmody of England, and other protestant countries, was brought to the state in which it now remains, and in which it is desirable that it should continue to remain. For this psalmody we are indebted to the reformers of Germany, especially Luther, who was himself an enthusiastic lover of music, and is believed to have composed some of the finest tunes, particularly the Hundreth Psalm, and the hymn on the Last Judgment which Braham sings with such tremendous power at our great performances of sacred music. Our psalm-tunes, consisting of prolonged and simple sounds, are admirably adapted for being sung by great congregations; and as the effect of this kind of music is much increased by its venerable antiquity, it would be very unfortunate should it yield to the influence of innovation: for this reason, it is much to be desired that organists and directors of choirs should confine themselves to the established old tunes, instead of displacing them by modern compositions.

Towards the end of the sixteenth, and beginning of the 17th century, shone that constellation of English musicians, whose inimitable madrigals are still, and long will be, the delight of every lover of vocal harmony. It is to Italy, however, that we are in-



debted for this species of composition. The madrigal is a piece of vocal music adapted to words of an amorous or cheerful cast, composed for four, five, or six voices and intended for performances in convivial parties or private musical societies. It is full of ingenious and elaborate contrivances; but, in the happier specimens, contains likewise agreeable and expressive melody. At the period of which we now speak, vocal harmony was so generally cultivated, that, in social parties, the madrigal books were generally laid on the table, and every one was expected to take the part allotted to him.

The glee, which is a simpler and less elaborate form of the madrigal, and that amusing *jeu d' esprit* so well known by the name of Catch, made their appearance about the end of the sixteenth century. The first collection of catches that made its appearance in England is dated in 1609.

Music made rapid progress during the reigns of James and Charles I. Henry Lawes, the famous composer, whom we have there commemorated, had a brother named William, who was always a musician of some note. He was one of the musicians of Charles I., who was so much attached to him, that, when he was killed by a random shot at the siege of Chester, his Majesty wore mourning for him. His epitaph (not at all meant to be ludicrous) is a pretty good specimen of the quibbling spirit which infected every species of compositions, sermons even included in that age:

Concord is conquer'd;—in this urn there lies

The master of great Music's mysteries;

And in it is a riddle like the cause,—

Will Lawes was slain by those whose Wills were Laws.

The civil dissensions, which ended in the subversion of monarchy and the death of the king, put an entire stop, for a long time, to the improvement of the fine arts in England. The liturgy of the Church of England, and the cathedral service were abolished in 1653; the books were destroyed, the organs taken down, and the organists and singers belonging to the churches turned out of their places. Nothing was allowed in the churches but the psalmody of the Presbyterians; and, as the gloomy fanaticism of the Puritans proscribed every sort of light and profane music as a pastime or amusement, the art, for a time, may be said to have been banished from the land. The objection of the Puritans to the use of instrumental music in churches was, that it was both *Popish* and *Jewish*. Sir Edward Deering, who brought into the House of Commons the Bill for the Abolition of Episcopacy, said, in the spirit of his party, that one single groan in the spirit was worth the diapason of all the church music in the world. It is singular,

However, that Cromwell himself was fond of music and frequently indulged himself in hearing it. When the organ at Magdalen College, Oxford, was taken down, he ordered it to be conveyed to Hampton Court, where it was placed in the great gallery; and one of his favourite amusements was hearing it played upon. It was carried back to its original place at the Restoration.

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### MAGNETISM.

*A Lecture delivered by Mr. George R. Young, before the Members of the Halifax Mechanics' Institute, on the evening of March 7—On the Science of Magnetism—its effect upon the Sciences and Arts, illustrated by a review of the History of Commerce;—and some concluding remarks upon the utility of a Mechanics' Institute.*

[We have requested liberty to publish Mr. Young's discourse, which has been kindly given. It will no doubt be highly interesting and instructive to many of our readers; and we feel much pleasure in presenting such an original paper to their attention.]—ED.

OF all the branches of human knowledge there is none which rewards the diligent inquirer with so many pleasing and satisfactory results, as that of natural science. While he is enabled to bend every fresh discovery to some new and useful purpose, and bring the lights of science to improve and direct the projects of art, his own mind will necessarily be charmed by the order and arrangement which pervades all nature, and by the admirable adaptation which he will every where perceive of Means to Ends. A limited acquaintance with the diversified operations of the universe which are daily and hourly going forward, and are rendered visible to the senses by their effects, is apt to induce a belief, that they are the conflicting results of jarring and opposite elements, which are under the control and guidance of no one mighty and benignant hand. Hence in the history of all rude nations, we discover that the various parts and elements of the universe—the sun,—the moon,—the stars,—the rain,—lightning,—thunder,—the winds—are all regarded as subject to the control of deities, acting on no common principle of harmony and union. It is this which has given birth in all rude and unlettered ages to the systems of Polytheism which at one time prevailed nearly over the whole earth, and even claimed the respect, and inspired the adoration, of the profoundest sages and philosophers of Greece and Rome. True, some of them, although unaided by revelation, and influenced only by those impressions which they derived from their diligent study of natura

science discharged themselves of these national religious prejudices. The divine Plato—Socrates—Cicero—the elder and younger Plinies saw, as with a dim light, the supervision throughout all nature of a First, Great, Overruling and Acting Cause.—But their knowledge of science was not sufficiently extensive to enable them to entertain this just and enlightened conception as one beyond all speculation and doubt. It belonged to latter and happier ages to bring the discoveries of natural science to lend force and dignity to the truths of revelation and the religion of nature. Independent altogether of the thousand pleasures which spring from the cultivation of this great branch of human knowledge—of the benefit it has conferred in extending the arts, in elevating the condition, and in promoting the happiness of mankind.—I would place this, as the first of all results which have sprung from our vast acquisition in this field of inquiry. In every step of our progress, order seems to spring from chaos. Intelligence become apparent where before there seemed to prevail dark and inexplicable confusion. The opposing elements are discovered to be under the guidance of one omniscient and beneficent mind. The universe becomes one vast harmonious whole,—conducted upon fixed principles, ruled by universal laws, governed by one pervading spirit, and, in the pious language of the poet the mind, inspired with wonder, admiration and gratitude.

“ Rises from Nature unto Nature’s God.”

None of the sciences perhaps is better calculated to excite the feelings, to which I have thus briefly alluded, than the one which has been marked out to me as the subject—matter of this lecture.—The science of Magnetism is indeed no less entertaining in itself than wonderful in its results,—and while it brings out in broad relief the *inscrutable mysteries of the divine wisdom*, it has exercised an influence—almost sovereign and peculiar—over the destinies of the human race. It shall be my province now without further preface to explain and illustrate the leading principles of this science—to exhibit its influence upon society by a short and graphic review of general history—and then to conclude with some remarks which the enquiry has naturally suggested, and which I trust will be found peculiarly appropriate to the purposes and objects of this Institute.

This science was one with which the Ancients were not unacquainted. The *attractive* power of the Magnet was early known to them, and the first discovery of the loadstone is ascribed to a Chaldean Shepherd, who discovered its power by the iron which tipped his crook. This perhaps may be a tale set with the hues

of a pastoral romance, but it is beyond all doubt that the properties of the loadstone were known to the Greeks, as it is mentioned both by Plato and Euripides, and is called by them the *Herculean* stone, because it commands iron which subdues every thing else. Its *directive* power was the discovery of a later and more commercial age. Iron is the only substance which the Magnet particularly attracts, and that too while in its metallic state. This metal however is so universally diffused that there are few substances which do not contain a sufficient quantity of it to be in some degree affected. It is remarkable, however, that iron itself is attracted with different degrees of force, according to the state in which it is with regard to malleability. Of all substances soft iron is attracted with the greatest force when clean and of an uniform texture. Hardened steel is less sensible to its influence than iron. Ores of iron are attracted with greater or less force, according to the state of Metal in them, and much more so after calcination than before. Ores of lead, tin, and copper are likewise attracted, as well as native cinnabar, on account of the quantity of iron they contain—platina is slightly attracted, and almost all other minerals obey its influence, at least after having been exposed to the fire. The calcareous and silicious earths—sand, especially the black kind, almost every part of animal and vegetable bodies after being buried—soot—and many varieties of precious stones are all attracted by the Magnet, and particularly the emerald and garnet both of which acquire polarity. I have run through this enumeration of the substances affected by the Magnet, to show the universal diffusion of iron throughout all terrestrial substances—for to this only can the attraction of the Magnet be ascribed.

Before proceeding further, however, and illustrating the phenomena of this science, it will be necessary for me to explain the *directive* power, or the **POLARITY** of the Magnet. Every perfect and properly shaped Magnet has only two poles a north and a south pole; and the theory of magnetic attraction and repulsion rests on this singular fact, that the two north and the two south poles of every Magnet will mutually repel, while the north and the south poles of two Magnets will mutually attract each other. Now the seats of the magnetic influence are supposed to be situated at the two poles of the earth; and hence it is an invariable and admitted principle in this science that the south pole of every Magnet points to the north pole of the earth, while the north pole of the Magnet points to the south pole of the earth. Good Magnets have only two poles directly opposite to each other; though in

truth, it is always one half or at least a part of the Magnet that possesses one kind of polarity, the other having the contrary kind, the two points which we call the *poles* being only those where the attractive power is greatest. Those two points in good Magnets are joined by a line passing through the centre, which line is called the *axis* of the Magnet, and a circle, whose plane is perpendicular to the axis, encompassing the middle of the Magnet, is called its *equator*; and to complete the supposed similarity between the globe and magnetical bodies, the latter have been frequently formed of a spherical shape, with the poles and equator marked upon their surface—in which case they have got the name of *tes-rellas*, or small earths. But it may be necessary to remark that it frequently happens that both the natural and artificial kinds of magnets are divided into several, each of these having a north and south pole, the whole forming a number of poles, some of one denomination and some of another.

The degree of magnetic attraction depends upon a variety of causes—the strength of the magnet,—the weight and shape of the iron presented to it,—the magnetic or magnetic state of the body,—and the distance between them. A piece of clean and soft iron is more powerfully attracted than any other ferruginous substance of the same size and shape. Steel is attracted less powerfully. The attraction is strongest at the poles, diminishing according to the distance, from them; and entirely ceasing at the Equator or middle point betwixt the poles. It is strongest near the poles of the magnet diminishing as we recede from it—but the proportion in which the diminution takes place has not been exactly determined.

Neither the attraction nor the repulsion of magnetism is sensibly affected by the interposition of bodies of any sort, excepting iron or ferruginous substances. Neither the absence nor the presence of air has any effect upon it.

By heat the power of a magnet is weakened, and when it arrives at that degree, called white heat, it is entirely destroyed.

It is a remarkable fact that the attraction is considerably increased by adding more and more weight to the magnet—for thus it will be found that the magnet will keep suspended this day a little more weight than it did the day before, and by adding to the weight every day the attractive power will increase till it reaches a certain limit.

If a piece of iron be held to one of the poles of a magnet the attractive power of the one pole will thus be augmented. Hence we may understand why a magnet will lift a greater weight from a piece of iron than from wood or any other substance—viz.—that

the iron appended to the magnet becomes itself a magnet, while it remains in that situation; and thus having two poles the iron which is placed near the one increases the attractive powers of the other which adheres to the magnet, and enables it to sustain a greater weight than it would otherwise do.

Soft iron acquires the magnetic power by being appended to a magnet, but it lasts only while it remains in that situation, vanishing as soon as the magnet or iron are separated from each other. With hard iron, but especially steel, the case is quite different, and the harder the iron or steel is, the more permanent is the magnetism which it acquires; though in proportion to this same hardness it is difficult to impregnate it with the virtue.

The smallest natural magnet generally possess the greatest proportion of attractive power, so that there have been frequently seen magnets not weighing more than 20 or 30 grains which would take up 40 or 50 times their own weight; but the greatest proportion of attractive power perhaps ever known, belonged to the magnet owned and worn by Sir Isaac Newton in his ring. It weighed only 3 grains and yet was able to take up 746 grains or nearly 250 times its own weight. Mr. Cavallo, an Italian Philosopher of high reputation says, he has seen one which could not weigh more than 6 or 7 grains, and yet be capable of lifting 300. Mr. Thomas Bolton, watchmaker of this town assures me that this magnet which now lies upon the table will lift a weight equal to 40 lbs; and it frequently happens that a piece cut off from a large natural magnet will lift more than the stone itself did when whole.

It is another principle of this science worthy of remark that the directive or polar power of a magnet extends further than its attractive power; thus, if a magnet freely suspended, be placed in the neighbourhood of another, it will be found that they can affect each other's direction when their attraction towards iron or towards each other cannot be perceived.

It may now be necessary to explain that magnets are of two classes—natural and artificial. The natural magnet or loadstone is a hard mineral body of a dark brown or almost black colour, and when examined is found to be an ore of iron. It is found in almost all countries—generally in mines and of all sizes and forms. I doubt not many are to be found in this province. Those of the finest grain are said to possess the magnetic power in the highest perfection and to retain it longest. The artificial are of three descriptions.

1st. Magnetic bars.

2nd. Magnets which are said to be armed—the pieces of iron being called its *armature* and

3rd. The Horseshoe magnets which is the shape most esteemed and which are always more powerful than streight magnetic bars.

[Mr. Young here explained by experiments the method of communicating magnetism to a bar, and of magnetizing the needle]

Artificial magnets too are created by the unseen operation of natural causes. It is known that bars which have stood for any length of time in a perpendicular situation,—such as the bars of a window-grating—are found to be magnetical. If a bar of iron of three or four feet long be held in a vertical position it will become magnetic, and attract another magnet. At the lower extremity attracting the south and repelling the north pole of the magnet. Invert the bar, and the seat of the magnetic influence will instantly be inverted, and that end of the bar which before contained a northern will now contain a southern polarity. Striking an iron bar with a hammer, or rubbing it with a file, will likewise render it magnetic, and lightning frequently produces the same effect upon iron. And it is remarkable that the same means which impart the magnetic force to a body not magnetical will destroy it when magnetised—for the smart stroke of a hammer will destroy a powerful magnet. I have already mentioned the influence of heat upon the magnetic power. The instant a magnet is brought to a white heat it loses its magnetic influence, but in the process of cooling it will partially recover it.

I approach now however that part of this science which will be listened to with deep interest by the members of this Institute—because they will now see a familiar and striking instance of the mighty benefit which art has derived from an acquaintance with the principles of science. The mariner's compass—an invention the most extensively useful in its effects of any which the human genius ever accomplished—which has extended the field of maritime adventure to the utmost limits of the earth—which has enabled us to track the vast illimitable ocean with almost the same certainty as the land—and has cast around the whole earth the bands of national brotherhood, founded on the ties of a common interest, and strengthened by the kindly sympathies which grow out of a commercial connexion—is one which must be wholly ascribed to the study of magnetism, and is framed upon the polarity of the magnet, which I have been already at some pains to illustrate. Of the compass there are four kinds,

1st. The Common Compass,		3rd. The Azimuth Compass, and
2nd. The Sailing Compass		4th. The Chinese Compass.

This important invention is usually ascribed to Flavio Gioia a Neapolitan about the year 1302; and hence the territory of Princi-

pato where he was born has a compass for its arms. Others say that Marco Polo a Venetian making a voyage to China brought the invention with him to Europe in 1260. What confirms this supposition is that at first they used the compass in the same manner as the Chinese still do *i. e.*, they let it float on a piece of cork, instead of suspending it on a pivot. It is added that their Emperor Chinningus, a celebrated astronomer, had a knowledge of it 1120 years before Christ. The Chinese only divide their compass into 24 points. Fauchette relates some verses of Guvyot de Provence who lived in France A. D. 1200 which seem to make mention of the compass, under the name of the *mariner's* stone, which shows it to have been in France near 100 years before either the Neapolitan or the Venetian. The French even lay claim to the invention; from the *fleur de lys* wherewith all nations still distinguish the N. point of the card. With equal reason Dr. Wallis ascribes it to the English from its name *compass* by which most nations designate it, and which he observes is used in many parts of England to signify a circle. Thus the pretensions to the honours of this invention are nearly as numerous as the contending claims of the 24 cities of Greece who each vaunted that Homer was her gifted son—but it is but fair to concede that in this instance doubt has not cast over the claim the same dim obscurity as over the birth place of the poet, as it is now generally admitted that the high reputation of this invention belongs to Gioia the Neapolitan, and that the era of its discovery is 1302.

I have already stated that every perfect magnet has a north and a south pole, and that when the magnet is placed so as to move freely the south pole of the magnet will point to the north pole of the earth. But it is now to be explained that the points to which the magnet is directed—or as they are called the magnetic poles lie in a different position from the poles of the earth; and it is the deviation of the magnetic or mariner's needle from the Meridian or true North and South line which is called the *angle of declination* or the *variation of the compass*. This deviation of the magnet is not however the same in all parts of the world—but is different in different places, and is ever varying even in the same place. At the period when the polarity of the magnet was first discovered the magnetic direction, both in Europe and China, was nearly in the plane of the meridian. But by the time that the European navigators had engaged in their adventurous voyages to far distant shores the deviation of the compass needles from the Meridian was very sensible even in Europe. The son of Columbus positively says that it was observed by his father in his first voyage to America. It is certain



that Gonsales Oviedo and Sebastian Cabot to the latter of whom the honour belongs of having first discovered Canada and entered the river St. Lawrence—both observed it in their voyages.

In the middle of the sixteenth century doubts were entertained by mathematicians of its existence; but in 1635, mariners were thrown into a new and great perplexity by the publication of a mathematical treatise on the variation of the magnetical needle, by Gilibrand an English Professor of Astronomy, who clearly proved that that variation, the angle of which had originally been to the eastward, had been and was then gradually drawing more to the westward; and it has been found to deviate more and more to the westward ever since.

In 1576	in London	it was	11°	15'	E.
1634	"	"	"	4"	5 "
1662	"	"	"	0"	0 "
1672	"	"	"	2"	30 W.
1700	"	"	"	9"	40 "
1778	"	"	"	22"	10 "

And at the present moment in England the variation is            and in Nova Scotia W. 17. 30. To obviate the danger which would necessarily arise to navigators from this circumstance all modern charts have the variations of the compass in their several parts duly noted down, and in reckoning upon the course steered by compass an allowance is usually made for the difference between the *apparent* course by the compass, and the *real* course as ascertained by celestial observation. On leaving this branch of my subject, I may state generally, that the variation of the compass appears to be governed by no cause which can be reduced to calculation, as in some parts of the earth the magnetic line runs parallel with the meridian; in others it deviates from 10, 15, 20 to 25 degrees, and in others again it is subject to a capricious and ever-varying local attraction.

I approach now the last general principles of this science which I deem it necessary to illustrate—I allude to the angle of inclination, or as it is more familiarly called, “the dip of the needle.” This may be illustrated by a trite and simple example. If a needle, which is accurately balanced and suspended, so as to turn freely in a vertical plane, be rendered magnetical the north pole will be depressed, and the south pole elevated above the horizon. This will represent the inclination or dip of the needle. The inventor of the dipping needle was Robert Norman, a Compass maker at Ratcliffe, about 1780. The occasion of the discovery he himself relates, viz. that it being his custom to finish and hang the needles of his compass before he touched them, he always found;

that immediately after the touch, the N. point would dip or decline downwards, pointing in a direction under the horizon; so that to balance the needle again he was always forced to put a piece of wax on the south end as a counterpoise. The constancy of the effect at length led him to observe the precise quantity of the dip or to measure the greatest angle which the needle would make with the horizon, and this in 1756, he found in London was 71. 50."

The application of this experiment, to the phenomena of the dipping needle is obvious, as nothing more is requisite for solving the whole mystery than to suppose the earth itself to be *the* large magnet, and the magnetic needle or any other magnetic body the small magnet in the experiment; for admitting that the *North* pole of the earth possesses a south magnetism, and that the opposite pole is possessed of a north magnetical polarity, it appears, and the theory is confirmed by the experiment, that when a magnet is suspended properly in the equatorial parts of the world, it must remain in an horizontal position; but when removed nearer to one of the poles, it must incline to one of its extremities, viz. that which is possessed of the contrary magnetic polarity; and that this inclination must increase in proportion as the magnet or magnetic needle recedes from the equator of the earth; and lastly, when brought exactly upon either of the poles of the earth, it must stand perpendicular to the ground or in the same direction with the axis of the earth.

In illustration of this doctrine, it is certain that the dip is different in different latitudes, and that it increases in going from the equator to either pole. It appears from a table of observations made with a marine dipping needle in a voyage to the north pole in 1773 that

In latitude	60°	18"	the dip was	75°	0
" "	70	45	" "	77	52
" "	80	12	" "	81	52
" "	80	17	" "	82	52½

In Capt. Parry's second voyage for the discovery of a northwest passage, the following remarkable instance of local attraction upon the magnet is related. The ship was then in Hudson's Bay.

"I desired Mr. Crosier to set the extremes of the boom hanging over Ingloolik, then on our lee quarter. He accordingly did so, but presently after remarked that the compasses, indicated the ship's head to be S. W. which was about the middle point on which but a few minutes before, he had set the loom of the land two or three points abaft the beam—knowing, by the true direction in which we were sailing, that the ship's course by the compass, if unaf-

lected by any Foreign local attraction, should have been about east, which in fact the needles had indicated previous to the change remarked by Mr. Crosier. I tried what tapping with the hand, the usual expedient in cases of mere sluggishness, would do, but without producing any effect. Being now obliged to tack for the ice, we carefully watched the compasses in standing off, and having sailed about a quarter of a mile observed them both gradually return to their correct position. Being thus satisfied that some extraordinary local attraction was influencing the needles we again tacked to repeat the experiment, and with a nearly similar result. The space sailed over did not exceed a quarter of a mile.

Larboard Tack, N. W. by W.	W. by S.
Starboard — N. East.	W. S. W.
Larboard — W. W. 3-4 N.	SW. by W.
Starboard — N. E. by E.	E. 3-4 E.

*To be continued.*

### THE BRIDE'S CHOICE.

AWAY—I'll wear no bridal dress.  
 No costly jewels bright—  
 I'll deck my broken happiness  
 In no false wedding white!  
 I'll shroud me in the emerald pall  
 That lies beneath yon tree,  
 And none but Nature's tears shall fall  
 In pity over me.

My bed shall be the quiet ground  
 My wasted form to fold,  
 For hearts like mine it hath been found  
 A kind one, though a cold!  
 I'd made another resting-place  
 For all my hopes and fears,  
 But fate has worn a frowning face,  
 And smiles have changed to tears.

They've turned me from my hope away—  
 They've broken the sweet tie  
 That I wound o'er my spirit's play—  
 They've made me long to die!  
 My cheek is now a page of care,  
 Where joy has once been writ;  
 Joy is the mother of Despair  
 When Hope's unkind to it.

So lay me in the pleasant grave  
 All cover'd o'er with green;  
 Though wrong'd through life-time, I would have  
 My tomb as if I'd been

A happy thing, and sweets were strown  
Upon my sleep, to show  
That I had never sorrow known,  
Had never tasted woe!

I like the mockery that flowers  
Exhibit on the mound,  
Beneath which lie the happy hours  
Hearts dreamt, but never found.  
Farewell—farewell! upon the stone  
That marks my gentle bed—  
Oh write—“ Here lies a hapless one  
That lived—that loved—is dead!”

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### THE FLIGHT.

From *Blanche Mantle*, a tale in the *Royal Ladies' Magazine*.

THE great clock of the castle struck midnight, and as each stroke came half drowned through the storm, Norman glanced eagerly into the impenetrable gloom, but no step was on the road, nor could his eye distinguish any object but the dark rails of the bridge, and the white sheet of water which roared beneath. The troopers sat under the shelter of the trees, their cloaks muffled in their faces, and their drenched horses drooping their heads to the driving rain. The tempest increased at every moment: the wind blew down the narrow glen in violent gusts, which tossed the heads of the trees in whirling eddies, and at times seemed to sweep upward from the ground. The rain fell in sheets, which resembled the deluge of a waterspout, and at a little distance, a part of the hill side had sunk into the valley, with all its trees and bushes, and left a wide, deep ‘*SCAUR*,’ from which burst a torrent of subterranean water.

The Divie—the preceding day a shallow gliding stream through which Norman had waded scarce wetting his chaucers—was now a furious cataract, which roared at the brim of its channel in white mountainous waves. A hollow rumbling concussion, like distant thunder mixed with its roar, and seemed to roll under the water, which every moment sapped vast flakes of the bank, or brought down fragments of stone, that rebounded over the rocky bottom of the river, caused the extraordinary sound by which it was accompanied. The tallest trees shook like bulrushes in the stream; and as they fell, went down unheard, almost unseen, amidst the roar of wind and water which swept over them.\*

\* A *Lanmas* flood is one of the most striking features of Scottish climate, and few seasons pass without some remarkable instance of its ravages. In August, 1830, the province of Moray was visited by a tempest causing such a deluge on all the rivers, as there is every evidence to believe could not have

As the clock ceased, Norman glanced anxiously to the pillar of the bridge, on which the bright foam rendered faintly visible the fearful height of the river—it had now risen almost to the key-stone of the arch, and the rider remained with his eyes immovably fixed upon the rushing line, which seemed almost sensibly to increase. In a few moments more the waves filled the arch, and suddenly a deep gush of water went over the whole platform, and left only the shivering handrail visible above the foam.

Again the terrific stream collapsed and sunk with a roaring suction under the cavity of the bridge, while the solid oak planks vibrated upon the conflicting waves like the leaf of a water-lily. In the next moment the bank began to sap on the opposite side, and the white trunks of trees, which shot like lightning through the arch, struck the pillars with a force that made the solid buttresses quiver like a hay-cock. ‘In ten minutes more it is gone!’ exclaimed Norman.

The water continued at intervals, washing its angry surges over the whole footway—the esquire turned hastily to the trooper—‘Let us pass,’ said he, ‘or they are cut off:’ the horsemen made no reply, but advancing silently to the bridge, waited for the subsiding surge, and before the succeeding wave, spurred their snorting horses over the planks, and sought shelter under the opposite trees.

They had scarcely taken post, when the sound of a step approached in the deep gravel, and suddenly a pale white figure appeared through the darkness. The men roused upon their horses, and immediately Norman recognised the dark shadow of his master covered only by his kirtle, and supporting a slender figure, closely muffled in his blanche capote. ‘Is all safe?’ said the deep voice of the minstrel, as he stood before them.

‘All but the storm, Sir Avenel,’ answered Norman. ‘But a moment more, and the bridge is gone.’

‘Bring white Soldon,’ said the knight; and as he spoke, one of the grooms led forward the horse, and throwing off the wide mantle by which he had been covered, the pale figure, and streaming mane of the noble Arabian, appeared suddenly in the darkness.

Sir Avenel looked at the bridge. The furious water was now running like a mill stream over the vibrating planks. ‘Can you venture this?’ said the knight, glancing despondingly to the white veiled figure which clung to his arm.

occurred during the three centuries before. The above sketch, which may seem exaggerated, is but a feeble outline of the scenes witnessed on the Dive and the Findhorn.

'If you are sure of the horse, I can sit,' replied the gentle voice of Rose Bisset.

'He is my own glorious Soldon, which brought me from Palestine!' answered the knight.

Rose laid her slender hand on the shoulder of the horse, and offered her little white foot to the esquire, who already kneeled beside the stirrup. The knight lifted her to the saddle, and in a moment she fixed herself in the seat, and gathered up the reins—'I am ready,' said her soft maiden voice, almost drowned in the wind.

Sir Avenel leaped on his horse, and taking the bridle of Soldon, led him towards the bridge. The noble steed snorted, paused, and drew back, as if conscious of the precious burden which he bore. 'Soldon! ho, Soldon!' said the knight, patting his white neck—'Forward, good Soldon!'

At the deep sound of his master's voice, the horse suddenly raised his ears, and advanced cautiously on the bridge; at that moment a deeper surge of the flood swept through the hand rails a white whirling tumult of foam and wreck, and the horses rushed forward into the stream. In an instant the black figure of the knight was lost in the darkness, but the pale horse, and mantle of Rose, struggled, fluttered, dashed, thundering through the foam and tempest, like the white water-spirit of the storm.

'Soli Deo Gloria!' shouted the crusader, as he led forth the horse on the firm turf, and for a moment the plash of the troopers followed after through the roaring waves.

They gathered up in quick succession on the bank till all was silent but the storm.

'Are all here?' said Sir Avenel; and as the low voices answered out of the darkness, the knight spoke a few words to Norman, and the esquire leaning forward, the horsemen followed slowly up the narrow path which led from the glen.

In a few moments they wound above the trees which hid the bottom of the valley, and saw the windows of the castle glimmering faintly through the storm; the towers were wholly lost in the darkness, but quick shifting lights appeared, and vanished in the casements, and suddenly a number of red sparks moved along the air like gliding stars.

'The trackers are on the hill!' whispered Sir Avenel to the esquire—'ride on.'

The dark line of horsemen pressed eagerly up the steep, till having gained the level down on its summits, they followed its winding edge at a rapid trot. The knight glanced back into the

deep blank gulf of darkness below, but the lights had disappeared, and no sounds came from the glen but the roar of the river and the trees.

As they approached the parting of the paths, Norman turned back to the side of Sir Avenel, 'There is no bridge left on the Findhorn, but the Rathad-Cuinge,' said he.

Sir Avenel stopped suddenly, 'The Rathad-Cuinge!' he repeated.

'I would not fear to take it,' replied the esquire. 'There never was a flood on Findhorn, which reached the planks, and if the Lady can venture to cross on foot, I would gage my fee to lead over some of the horses.'

The knight paused for a moment; then turning to his bridle, 'Lead on,' said he, 'you know the road.'

They had scarce gone fifty paces, when an indistinct sound came down the wind.

'What was that?' exclaimed Sir Avenel, looking back.

'But the *Weird* wind,' replied Norman, 'it yells and clamours to night as if all the demons in the air shrieked in the blasts.'

At this moment there fell one of those momentary lulls, which intervene amidst a storm.

'There, again!' said Sir Avenel; and as he spoke, the deep-mouthed chide of a blood hound came distinctly in the gust.

Rose had not spoke before—'Oh there is 'black Dulochan!' she exclaimed, closing to the side of Sir Avenel.

'No, no,' answered he, 'it is but some shepherd's dog on Tulledivic.'

'Tis no shepherd's dog,' replied Rose, 'I know his tongue—it is the black dog of Drinachan.'

The bay of the hound came now distinctly on their track, and the loud clatter of arms and the trample of horses could be heard at intervals—'Holy Saint John they have crossed the bridge!' exclaimed Norman.

Sir Avenel sat without a motion of his rein, and gave directions to his men, in a tone as calm and unhurried as if he stood in the hall of Kilravoch. In a few moments they resumed their course as rapidly as they could ride for the darkness; as they reached the hill of Relugas, the bay of the dog and the trample of the pursuit had receded far in the wind, and when they crossed the parks below, it was lost behind the hill. 'Good fellows,' said Sir Avenel, 'another sixty rods the bridge is crossed, and broken, and no man on earth may follow.' The riders spurred fiercely forward, and the pale white figure of Rose, and the Arab horse, shot like a dying shadow through the darkness.

As the little troop swept round the elbow of the glen, and approached the promontory, which forms the eastern buttress of the Rathad-Cuinge, every eye strained forward towards the river, and vainly endeavoured to distinguish its course through the darkness; but as they advanced, the terrific roar of the water gave fearful warning of its fury.

At length they came upon the rock above the bridge, and the whole party stopped appalled at the black half-visible tempest which rushed through the abyss. At the moment, a sudden flash of lightning illuminated the whole course of the river, and showed its white roaring battle of mountain waves running at the edge of a shelf, not a bow's length below the bridge. The fragile fabric shook like a spider's web over the sweeping tumult, and its bleached rail and trembling footway stretching indistinctly through the haze of spray, seemed to extend into immeasurable darkness like the visionary Bridge of Dread, over which the soul is said to pass the gulf of eternity.

The troopers looked appalled upon the fearful pass, but Sir Avenel leaped from his horse, and lifting Rose from the ground led her down the path towards the water; the horsemen followed in silence, and as they approached, the deafening thunder of the cataract drowned even the roaring of the trees, and the white spray drove in their faces like a sheet of snow.

The knight made no check before the bridge—'Now, lady,' whispered he, 'one prayer to the Virgin—a firm hand to the rail, and all is safe.' Rose replied only by the close pressure of her cold hand; for a moment she trembled—paused—stopped—it was but while her slender finger moved upon her breast and forehead.

In the next her white figure stood above the roaring flood, and glided—faded—vanished in the darkness as if it melted into air.

In the momentary pause which followed, the mail glove of Sir Avenel flew through the spray and clashed upon the rock at the foot of Norman. 'They are safe!' he exclaimed, as he lifted the signal, and taking the rein of Soldon led him forward towards the bridge. For an instant the brave horse trembled, snorted, and stretched his wide nostrils to the gulf below. The esquire patted his white shoulder, and encouraged him by his voice, then loosing the rein upon his neck passed boldly on the bridge and called him by his name.\* The brave and gentle animal immediately followed him upon the terrific footing, and proceeding step by step passed the trembling planks and gained the opposite bank in safety. The

\* The Arab horse are accustomed to follow their masters without leading, even through fire.



troopers could scarce suppress a shout of joy, and immediately led forward their horses towards the bridge, but none would approach the roar of the water, and each recoiled snorting and trembling with ungovernable fear. At this moment the clattering career of the pursuers approached full speed, and in an instant the horses were abandoned, and the riders rushed upon the bridge, but not half their numbers had passed when a furious clamour of armed men rushed down upon the pass.

For some minutes the clash of the blows, the yell of shouts, the dash of falling bodies mixed with the roar of the tempest; but suddenly the tall black stature of a gigantic figure appeared upon the centre of the bridge. He was rushing forward, followed by the mixed rout, when he was met by Norman, and each grasping to the rail made desperate stand for the passage. Unable to join in the combat, and appalled by the shaken foot way, the rest recoiled upon the rock, while the dark figures of the two combatants, the flash of swords, and the clang of mail, could be distinguished over the spray and roar of water. Suddenly they appeared to close together, but at the same moment a high swell\* of water came down over the chasm, and men, bridge, and horse, swept overwhelmed in the gulf. As they went down, a wild thrilling shout mixed with the roar of the flood, and a terrific blaze of lightning illuminated the white roaring sheet of water. For a single instant the black heads of the combatants, the fold of a red mantle, the flash of a dirk, appeared amidst the foam, but in the next all was lost but the pale shooting light of the froth, and the rolling peal of thunder which burst over the river.

The yeomen of both sides stood stiff and appalled upon the brink, their hands fast clenched, and their eyes fixed upon the black abyss which roared between them. But suddenly the faint blast of a horn sounded in the forest, and as a second flash of lightning showed the northern bank, it shone only upon the long black rock, and the tall rent beech trees tossing their white branches in the wind.

\* On the Findhorn, and other mountain rivers of the same character, these swells sometimes come down like a bank six feet 'abreast.'

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## Miscellaneous, Scientific, &c.

**PURSUITS OF SCIENCE.**—Nothing, then, can be more unfounded than the objection which has been taken, in *limine*, by persons, well meaning, perhaps, certainly narrow minded, against the study of natural philosophy, and indeed against all science,—that it fosters in its cultivators an undue and overweening self-conceit, leads them to doubt the immortality of the soul, and to scoff at revealed religion. Its natural effect, we may confidently assert, on every well constituted mind, is, and must be, the direct contrary. No doubt the testimony of natural reason, on whatever exercised, must, of necessity, stop short of those truths which it is the object of revelation to make known; but, while it places the existence and principal attributes of a Deity on such grounds as to render doubt absurd and Atheism ridiculous, it unquestionably opposes no natural or necessary obstacle to further progress: on the contrary, by cherishing, as a vital principle, an unbounded spirit of inquiry and ardency of expectation, it unfetters the mind from prejudices of every kind, and leaves it open and free to every impression of a higher nature which it is susceptible of receiving, guarding only against enthusiasm and self-deception by a habit of strict investigation, but encouraging, rather than suppressing, every thing that can offer a prospect or a hope beyond the present obscure and unsatisfactory state. The character of the true philosopher is to hope all things not impossible, and to believe all things not unreasonable. He who has seen obscurities which appear impenetrable, in physical and mathematical science, suddenly dispelled, and the most barren and unpromising fields of inquiry converted, as if by inspiration into rich and inexhaustible springs of knowledge and power, on simple change of one point of view, or by merely bringing to bear on them some principle which it never occurred before to try, will surely be the very last to acquiesce in any dispiriting prospect of either the present or future destinies of mankind; while, on the other hand, the boundless views of intellectual and moral, as well as material relations which open on him on all hands in the course of these pursuits, the knowledge of the trivial place he occupies in the scale of creation, and the sense continually pressed upon him, of his own weakness and incapacity to suspend or modify the slightest movement of the vast machinery he sees in action around him, must effectually convince him, that humility of pretension, no less than confidence of hope, is what best becomes his character.—*Herschel.*

**IMPORTANCE OF CHEMISTRY.**—“ You will allow that the rendering skins insoluble in water by combining with them the astringent principle of certain vegetables is a chemical invention, and that without leather our shoes, our carriages, our equipages, would be very ill made. You will permit me to say, that the bleaching and dyeing of wool and silk, cotton and flax, are chemical processes, and the conversion of them into different cloths is a mechanical invention; that the working of iron, copper, tin, and lead, and other metals, and the combining them in different alloys, by which

almost all the instruments necessary for the turner, the joiner, the stone-mason, the ship-builder, and the smith, are made, are chemical inventions. Even the press, to the influence of which I am disposed to attribute as much as you can do, could not have existed in any state of perfection without a metallic alloy. The combining of alkali and sand, and certain clays and flints together, to form glass and porcelain, is a chemical process. The colours which the artist employs to frame resemblances of natural objects, or to create combinations more beautiful than ever existed in nature, are derived from chemistry. In short, in every branch of the common and fine arts, in every department of human industry, the influence of this science is felt; and we may find in the fable of Prometheus taking his flame from heaven to animate his man of clay, an emblem of the effects of fire in its application to chemical purposes, in creating the activity and almost the life of civil society."—*Sir H. Davy.*

**SHIPS' RUDDERS—NEW YORK NAUTICAL INSTITUTION AND SHIP MASTERS' SOCIETY**—The following extracts from a report of a Committee will be read with interest by all nautical men:

That they have given great attention to the subject, for they deem no part of a ship of such vital importance as the rudder; for should it become disabled, while scudding in a hard gale, with a heavy sea, the ship would either broach to, or be taken by the lee, by which there would be great danger of losing the masts, and having the decks swept, or foundering stern foremast: therefore too much pains cannot be bestowed in making the steering apparatus as perfect as possible. The rudder, like the anchor, is the result of the wisdom and experience of many ages; therefore, the approaches to perfection must be slow and gradual. Your committee are, firmly of the opinion, that a rudder, properly constructed, according to the best plans now in use, would rarely, if ever be lost at sea, especially if properly managed.

In all important matters relating to ships, they deem it most prudent to give a preference to those plans, that have stood the test of long experience, and have answered well, instead of hastily adopting any new plan, however feasible at first sight it may appear; they therefore, all things considering, prefer those plain rudders that have been long in use by maritime nations, especially in ships of war, where the best practical talent and science, have been engaged in bringing them to their present degree of perfection. This rudder is straight on the forward part from top to bottom, moving freely in a polygonal trunk or case, above which is inserted the tiller in a square head, well banded; the breadth at the loaded water line being about three fifths of that at the keel. It is desirable that it should be no wider than is requisite to govern the ship; without in any case making a greater angle with the keel, than forty-five degrees; because if too wide, it acts as a powerful lever on the braces, when the ship has quick stern way.

Long tillers are preferable to short ones, because, in case of the tiller ropes giving way, it could be more easily managed; besides they require less aid from blocks or pulleys, and when the rudder is struck by a sea, the long tiller by yielding a little gradually resists its force, and acts as a spring does on a carriage. The number and

size of the braces will depend on the size of the ship; but all vessels over 300 tons should not have less than four sets below the counter.

The metal of which they are formed, should possess the greatest strength and durability; there is a reason to suppose that too much zinc has been used instead of copper, in some instances. The *googings* should be well fastened to the stern-post and bottom, and should be much stronger than the *pinbles*; because when the latter *only* give way, a new rudder can be shipped while the ship is afloat—with all her cargo on board;—thus saving the time, trouble and expense of unloading, heaving out, or going into dock.

When the rudder braces give way, in a heavy sea, it becomes necessary to get clear of the rudder as quickly as possible, to prevent its tearing away the counter;—the trunk should not therefore be too small, and the tiller should be attached to the rudder head in such a manner, that it could be quickly disengaged. This is one objection to what is called the patent rudders, that they are so closely confined in the case, as not only to cause much unnecessary friction, but it becomes extremely difficult to disengage them from the ship; and when the iron bands on the head are not let in flush with the wood, which is often the case, the difficulty is greatly increased. The tiller should be inserted as low down upon the rudder as possible, having a great tendency to twist it, when placed too far above where it meets the resistance of the water. It is found that round timber twists more easily than any other form, of the same cubic contents, and that crooked timber twists more easily than straight, even when not grain cut. These circumstances, together with the difficulty of getting a patent rudder made at many places where a ship might be compelled to visit, and that in using them the stern post must be cut off at the transom, instead of being attached to the upper deck frame, which gives additional strength to the ship; and also that the weakest part of the rudder might be injured or defective in the case, where it could not be seen, are the principle objections to the patent rudder.—Your committee, however, have no doubt that patent rudders can be made sufficiently safe, if well proportioned, and every part be made of suitable materials.

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**MODE TO PREVENT FOUNDERING AT SEA.**—A very numerous meeting of the scientific world was held sometime since, at the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, having been announced that Mr. Watson would deliver a lecture on the mode of preventing ships from foundering at sea. On entering the theatre, the first thing that met the eye were two large tin reservoirs filled with water, and over one of them was suspended a beautiful model of an eighty gun ship, and other apparatus, intended to demonstrate the practicability of the plan proposed.—The lecturer, Mr. Watson, proceeded to state the details of this plan. In one of the reservoirs was placed a tube filled with air. This floated, though one hundred and a half in weight was placed on it. He then proceeded to make experiments on the model of the eighty gun ship which was loaded with a weight to be equal to having on board the full complement of men, provisions, &c. for a four months' voyage. A leak was sprung in the bottom of the vessel, she gradually sunk.

The model was then filled up with the air tubes, and the water was again let in, but the model would not sink. The lecturer turned the model topsy turvy, but it instantly righted: he afterwards forced it down below the surface of the water, but it instantly sprung up, the decks being quite free from water. He then placed a mast, loaded with one pound of lead at the top, which was equal to fifty tons, as compared with the relative size of the model, and though the mast was brought down to the level of the water, the model instantly righted. Thus it was demonstrated that any vessel having the tubes could not sink. The lecturer then took retrospective and prospective views of the British Navy. Since 1793, 363 vessels of war had been lost, viz: 283 wrecked, 67 foundered, and 13 burnt, mounting 8000 guns; which, at £1000 a gun, had been a loss to the country of £8,000,000; and 7700 seamen had perished. The Navy which consisted of 800 gun ships, with 3500 guns, which were equal to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  million of money. These vessels could be fitted up, so that no impediment should be offered, at the rate of £4000 per vessel; and the tubes being of copper, would yield nearly the whole amount a century hence. The safety-tubes could be fitted up in a King's ship at 5s. per cent; in an East Indiaman at three shillings per cent; in a West Indiaman at twelve pence per cent. on the value of the ship and cargo. The vessels so fitted up would require 250 tons above her register to sink her, affording a perfect life-ship to crew and cargo; and if wrecked, every part of the vessel would become a life-boat. The Russian, the American, and the French government, had the plan under consideration, and also the King of the Netherlands. The lecturer expressed his perfect conviction that ships so fitted up would never sink. The lecture was received with marked attention, and elicited great applause.

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**INVENTION OF THE COMPASS.**—The valuable invention of the compass is equally involved in mystery, and its real discoverer is unknown. Lafiteau, in his history of the Portuguese discovery in the New World, says that Vasco di Gama brought it to Lisbon from the coast of Africa, on his return from Melinda, where the Arabs then used it, and he believed the Portuguese to have been until then ignorant of it. Some attribute it to Flavia Gioja, of Analph, about the year 1302; while others again are of opinion that the invention is due to the Chinese, and that one of their emperors, a celebrated astrologer, was acquainted with it 1120 years before the Christian era; nor have others again been wanting who have supported the opinion that it was known in the time of Solomon. The ancient Greeks and Romans are also supposed by some to have used it, but the silence of Pliny on this subject, says Senor Navarete, “renders this doubtful.”

The Pantaloon, 10 guns, Lieut. Dawson, will proceed to sea in a few days with Col. Creighton, Royal Engineers, on board to try the efficacy of a newly-invented celestial compass, the properties of which are said to be the showing the true variation, true latitude, and true influence of the ship on the common steerage compass, at sight.

**ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.**—The *Naples Gazette* of the 7th Jan. says:—"In addition to our former account of the Eruption of Vesuvius, we have to state that in the afternoon of the 22d of December, and the following night, the shocks from the mountain became more frequent and perceptible, and were felt in all the neighbouring country, and hollow roarings were heard every moment. On the 3d inst the lava from the mouth of the crater had become 25 feet broad. It is a curious circumstance that the first substances of which the lava consisted have, in cooling, been formed into three arches like a bridge, under which the current which now issues from it runs. On the same day the lava had reached the base of the volcano, keeping the direction of the hermitage of St. Saviour, running over the old beds formed in 1767, and 1822, and encrusting the plain called Ginestre. Its greatest extent is a quarter of a mile, and its depth about 15 feet. The mountain throws up at intervals of about two minutes each, a large quantity of red-hot stones, which fall back into the crater."

ICELAND is, perhaps, the most deplorable spot on the world's map. "Not very long ago it counted at least 100,000 inhabitants. Depopulated by time, which has more than once introduced frightful pestilence, there are now not half that number. Their occupation is that of shepherds and fishermen, for the bitterness of the climate makes all agricultural labours vain or unproductive. They are scattered over the wide wastes of the country, far distant, in huts and farms, and it was only in 1787 that any portion of the population was gathered into towns, if towns may be called the two spots where a few families have their abode together."—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

**ADVANTAGE OF A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE.**—The mysteries of magnetism should be unfolded to the sailor, above all men, since he is the one, of all others, whose safety depends on its phenomena. He should be told that on electro-magnetic principles he would materially influence the march of the needle by wiping the glass which screens it—especially with silk.—It was some years ago since a fact was communicated to me, which may be adduced in illustration; it was that of a ship which arrived at Liverpool, after having been out for several weeks the sport of winds and waves; the mariner's compass having been washed overboard in a storm, their voyage was dreary and procrastinated, much caution being necessary, and despite of which, their fate, but for a fortuitous circumstance, might have been inevitably sealed. Now, had the simple fact of the extreme ease with which a mariner's needle might be made, been known to any on board, the peril might have been avoided. A sewing needle, or the blade of a penknife being held in an upright posture, and struck by a hammer, and subsequently floated by cork or water, or suspended by a thread without torsion, would become a magnetic-needle, and point north and south; or the end of a poker held vertically, and passed over its surface from one extreme to the other, would impart magnetism, and which, if the needle be of steel, would be of a permanent character.—*Mr John Murray:—Mechanics' Magazine.*

## MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

May 16. Dr. Grigor delivered a Lecture on ANATOMY. The Lecturer dwelt on the wonders of muscular motion; distinguishing those muscles which are subject to the will, and those which generally are not; in proof of the power of habit, in this respect, he mentioned a case, in which an individual controuled the action of his heart at will. The variety of muscular action, in gestures, and in speech, were noticed; and to the latter were ascribed the deviation from universal language, and the formation of new dialects and tongues. The existence and wisdom of a Deity, as proved by the human frame, were alluded to; and some interesting galvanic experiments were described. The lecture was illustrated by a model of the *human frame*, by statues of Venus and Mercury to show the difference between the male and female figure, and by large engravings of the muscles and joints.—During the Conversation it was remarked, that the ancient standard of female beauty, is a satire on the modern square shoulders and narrow waists of fashionable figures.

23. Being the day on which a general fast was observed, there was no meeting of the Institute.

30. The Lecture named for this evening was Astronomy; but on the lecturer declining to appear, the President read a paper on Education. In this, defects of the usual methods of Education were pointed out, and History was dwelt on as a foundation for general learning.

Although the attendance on the Lectures is not so full as during its first quarter, yet those who attend seem deeply interested in the subjects under consideration, and make frequent acknowledgments of the good which they have experienced from the course.

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## MONTHLY RECORD.

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*Great Britain.* The Reform Bill passed a second reading in the House of Lords by a majority of nine. Popular feeling in favour of the measure is very strongly expressed by political Unions Societies of various kinds, and public meetings, in England and Scotland.

*Ireland* is much distracted, and the destruction of the tythe system seems inevitable. In the meantime thousands of the hardy peasantry of the country are leaving it, and seeking bread for their labour in the forests of America. The Cholera, generally, is on the decline.

*France* is horribly rent by factions, superinduced by great laxity of morals, and a tendency to be easily excited, among the population. The Cholera has committed many ravages, but it is a gentle plague compared with the infernal passions of bad men.

*The Netherlands* are still unsettled, and present a warlike aspect.

*Italy* is the field, on which the troops of the Holy See, the discontented population, and armies of Austria and France, perform threatening movements. The population rise against the Papal government, Austria interferes to arrange differences and prevent extremities, and France marches to the scene to check the officiousness of Austria.

*Portugal* is invaded by Don Pedro, late Emperor of Brazil, who claims the kingdom from his brother, Don Miguel, for his daughter Donna Maria. Madeira by last accounts, was blockaded, and was the scene of many outrages.

*Poland* suffers the penalty of unsuccessful Patriotism. The Tyrant of Russia, is sending the people by thousands into Siberia, dispersing them in Colonies, abrogating their name, subjecting them to many cruel personal indignities; and with horrible policy, endeavours to exterminate the race, by forcing the Exiles to intermarry with the native barbarians of the desert.

*America.* The Continent generally is peaceful, save some skirmishing among the Chiefs of ill-fated South-America. The Presidential Election mania is at work in the United-States, with all its ramifications of Federalism, Masonry, Anti-Masonry, Bank-Ophobia, and fifty other airy foundations for mock-principles.—Overtrading on false capital, and a decrease of the precious metals, have occasioned some mercantile difficulties.

*Upper and Lower Canada.* These fine Provinces exhibit a rapid growth in population and general prosperity. A number of noble steamers work on their waters, magnificent canals approach towards completion, and towns are springing up where lately there was an impenetrable wilderness.



*Halifax.* The backwardness of the present summer is a source of general complaint. Up to June 1st. we have had but two or three days of fair spring weather. The improvement in the streets are prosecuting with much spirit; the formation of sewers through the town is commenced, and the reduction of some inconvenient and unsightly hills.

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*To Correspondents.* A Communication Box is attached to the door of the office. The favours of H are received. A continuation of Lecture on Magnetism, of Review of Publications in Nova-Scotia, and a contribution of Sophos will appear in next number.

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*To the Public.* Names of Subscribers would be particularly acceptable at the commencement of the present volume. The Magazine aims at being a means of dispensing general information, of publishing original papers, of preserving elegant extracts, and of forwarding public taste in every manner. Offences against morality are strictly avoided; its terms are unprecedentedly low. Those who deem it worthy of encouragement, and who are not subscribers, are requested to honour the list with their names in the present month. We return grateful acknowledgments to our many and increasing friends. Literary contributions will be highly esteemed.

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**MARRIAGES**—At Halifax, May 5, A. W. Murry, Esq. to Miss M. A. E. Kerby.—14, Mr. Samuel Boggs, to Miss Ann Currie. Mr. Andrew Wallace, to Miss Mary Vickers.—16, Mr. John Willes, to Mrs. Dorothy Baxter.—24, Rev. W. Webb, to Miss Mary Ann M'Neil.—26, Mr. John Pallister, to Miss Sarah Templeman.—At Sackville, May 14, Mr. Charles Hamilton, to Miss Margaret Marshall.—At Douglass, May 1, Rev. T. S. Crow, to Miss Martha Whidden.—At Windsor, May 14, Rev. John Dunn, A. B. to Miss Ann R. Pyke.—At Liverpool, May 1, Mr. Edward Spurr, to Miss Margaret Dewolf.—2, Dr. R. Van Buskirk, to Miss Ann Dewolf.—At Pictou, May 4, Mr. George M'Donald, to Miss Catharine Fraser.

**DEATHS.**—May 6, Mr. James Heihs.—Mr. Thomas M'Gory, aged 75.—11th, Mrs. Catharine Gauld, aged 72.—Mrs. Elizabeth Shaw, aged 32.—16th, Mr. Thomas Ross, aged 90.—18th, Mrs. Mary P. Vickers, aged 63.—Mrs. Janet O'Neil, aged 73.—26th, Mr. Cornelius Brahan, aged 33.—At Preston, May 6, James Money, Esq. aged 55.—At Pictou, May 4, Mrs. Cook.—5th, Mrs. Isabella Corbet, aged 41.—14th, Dr. Alexander Patrick, aged 26.—At Prince Edward Island, May 2, Mrs. Frances Hodgson, aged 28.—At Chester, May 7, Mr. Joseph Thompson, aged 40.—At Wilmot, May 24, Col. S. V. Bayard, aged 74.—At Parsboro', May 22, Mr. Wm. Edward Crane, aged 23.—At Rawdon, Mr. Robert J. Wilson, aged 26.